

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Jazz (We've Got...)(Re-recording)"

[Q-Tip:]

Woo...Grand groove, grand groove [2X]

Rough, rough, rugged

Tough like a nugget

Listen to the Abstract Poetic, don't snub it

The Midnight Marauder is the hype beat arranger

Don't front on the lyrics or the two cuz it's danger

Hook you like a junkie, you'll flip like a monkey

To the openness of the rhythm, so proceed because I'm funky

I get down, down like a fly hooker's panties

Make you catch a spirit and motivate a fanny

I be the fly poet, rappers, they get jelly

Upset when I rock, cuz yo, they beats is smelly

See, I got it goin on like a Forbes tax return

Listenin to these lyrics when it's hot will make it burn

Baby burn, baby burn, up into the heavens

The skies up above, the one you think of

Is the highly regarded, hell of the people

Your mic and my mic? Come on, yo, no equal

So if ya wanna do it to yourself

That is to mess around with the jazz, then just blame yourself

Cuz you made your bed, so now you lay in it

That's your (shit) on the floor, then go and play in it

I refuse to catch a 'L' in a battle

Cuz yo, I got the jazz and I'll whup a rapper's (ass)

Into little next to nuthin

Test me if I'm frontin

I'm passin flyin colors cuz yo...

[Chorus Q-Tip:]

Who got the jazz? (We've got the jazz) [7X]

We've got the jazz

Come on

Come on, Phife

[Phife:]

No need for introductions cuz you know who I be (the Phife Dawg)

Yep, the one who loves to slaughter MCs

I got style, grace and razamatazz

I'm like my girl Patrice Rushen, yo

I add pizazz, now

Most people remember Phife from the Phife like smoothness

But now it's time to hit you with roughneck rudeness

I'm still vexed, fuming, gots to come raw

The first punk that tries to flex, I'll be cracking your jaw

I'll mold you, fold you, roll you up like a spliff

Don't ever try to test or else that (ass) will get whipped
I'm forever poppin junk, its like a fat invite
To any MC who wants to flex, yo, we can do this tonight
 Gel up my posse up on Linden and 1-9-2
Pull up my brothas from Sayers Ave., the Brooklyn Zoo
 All my crew up in Strong Island, so yo, don't sleep
 Cuz it only takes a peek to watch that (ass) get beat
 Brothas wanna play rough, but they can all get some
Wanna be hero, but you're a zero, that means you gets none
 Don't ever try to step to a kid you can't get with
 Why mess with a brotha that your girl once slept with?
 I'm a negro, he's a negro, wanna be a negro too?
But beatin on a woman, is somethin that a puss would do
 I love jazz, but that doesn't mean that I'm timid
Not really a gangsta rapper but I can swing it for a minute

[Q-Tip:]

Who got the jazz? (We've got the jazz) [3X]

Come on

Who got the jazz? (We've got the jazz) [3X]

Come on

I go...woo...grand groove, grand groove

Ooh...grand groove, grand groove

Check it out

We got the jazz y'all [3X]

[ad lib]